81-2/197

THE AUTHOR:

A COMEDY,

OF

TWO ACTS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL

IN

LONDON and DUBLIN.

WRITTEN BY

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. and W. Wilson, and W. Sleater.

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Vet. A5 e. 5914

Dramatis Perſonæ.



	LONDON.	DUBLIN.
Governor Cape,	Mr. *Branſby.*	Mr. *Aickin.*
Young Cape,	Mr. *Roſs.*	Mr. *Glover.*
Sprightly,	Mr. *Uſher.*	Mr. *Hurſt.*
Cadwallader,	Mr. *Foote.*	Mr. *King.*
Poet,	Mr. *Walker.*	Mr. *Watſon.*
Vamp,	Mr. *Yates.*	
Printer's Devil,	Mr. *Vaughan.*	Mr. *Hamilton.*
Robin,	Mr. *Simpſon,*	Mr. *Bate.*
Mrs. Cadwallader,	Mrs. *Clive.*	Miſs *Cr. Philipps.*
Miſs Arabella,	Miſs *Barton.*	Mrs. *Pye.*

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

Spoken in DUBLIN by Mr. LEE.

SEVERE their Taſk, who in this critic Age,
With freſh Materials furniſh out the Stage!
Not that our Fathers drain'd the comic Store;
Freſh Characters ſpring up as heretofore—
Nature with Novelty does ſtill abound;
On ev'ry Side freſh Follies may be found.
But then the Taſte of ev'ry Gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit,
Requires at leaſt—no common Share of Wit.
Thoſe, who adorn the Orb of higher Life,
Demand the lively Rake, or modiſh Wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower Circle move,
Yawn at their Wit, and ſlumber at their Love.
If light, low Mirth, employs the comic Scene,
(Such Mirth as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;)
The poliſh'd Critic damns the *wretched Stuff*,
And cries — "*'twill pleaſe the* Gall'ries *well enough.*"

Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders ſmile?

To daſh the Poet's ineffectual Claim,
And quench his Thirſt for univerſal Fame,
The *Grecian* Fabuliſt, in moral Lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the Writer of this Day.

Once on a Time a *Son* and *Sire*, we're told,
(The Stripling tender, and the Father old)
Purchas'd a *Jack-Aſs* at a Country Fair
To eaſe their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware:
But, as the ſluggiſh Animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his Back would break:

Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the Aſs,
And through the gazing Crowd attempts to paſs;

Forth from the Throng, the Greybeards hobble out,
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.
" *This the Reſpect to rev'rend Age you ſhew?*
" *And this the Duty you to Parents owe?*
" *He beats the Hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;*
" *Sirrah! get down, and let your Father ride.*"

As *Grecian* Lads were ſeldom void of Grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, reſign'd his Place.
When a freſh Murmur through the Rabble ran;
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.
" *Sure never was brute Beaſt ſo void of Nature!*
" *Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?*
" *To your own Baby can you be unkind?*
" *Here*—Suke, Bill, Betty—*put the Child behind.*"

Old *Dapple* next, the Clowns' Compaſſion claim'd;
" *'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't aſham'd.*
" *Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beaſt!*
" *They might as well have carry'd he at leaſt.*"

The Pair, ſtill pliant to the partial Voice,
Diſmount and bear the Aſs—Then what a Noiſe!
Huzzas, loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,
From the yet-ſilent Sire theſe Words provoke—
" *Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call;*
" *Vain his Attempt, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all!*"

THE

THE AUTHOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor *Cape* and *Robin*.

Governor. AND he believes me dead, *Robin?*

Rob. Moſt certainly.

Gov. You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a diſtant Hint.

Gov. How did he receive the News?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from Abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceaſed Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied, 'Twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmeſt Acknowledgments to his conceal'd Benefactor; thanked me for my Care, ſigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived ſince?

Rob. Poorly, but honeſtly: To his Pen he owes all his Subſiſtence. I am ſure my Heart bleeds for him: Conſider, Sir, to what Temptations you expoſe him.

Gov. The ſeverer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honeſt Induſtry, the Purchaſe of many Perils, be laviſh'd on a lazy, luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five-and-twenty Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a Profuſion of Debts, were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, Sir.

Gov. Fondly — nay, fooliſhly, or Neceſſity had not compell'd me to ſeek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours, and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he ſhall ſhare my Property; not elſe.

Rob. Conſider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his Education.

Rob. As the World goes, the worſt you could have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or ſome certain faſhionable Qualities that you would not wiſh your Son to poſſeſs.

Gov. Learning uſeleſs? Impoſſible! —Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the liberal Arts?

Rob. Patrons!—The Word has loſt its Uſe; a Guinea Subſcription at the Requeſt of a Lady, whoſe Chamber-maid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up. — Protectors! — Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Iſlington* Turnpike in a Month, than upon all the learned Men in *Great Britain* in ſeven Years.

Gov. And yet the Preſs groans with their Productions. How do they all exiſt?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will ſtep to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will ſee.

Gov. But what Apology ſhall we make for the Viſit?

Rob. —That you want the Aid of his Profeſſion; a well-penn'd Addreſs now, from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

Scene draws and diſcovers Young Cape *with the* Printer's Devil.

Cape. Pr'ythee go about thy Buſineſs —Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the Proof; he ſays as how there are two other Anſwers ready for the Preſs, and if you don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always ſo lazy: I have more Plague with you—There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Tranſlator, never keeps me a Minute—unleſs the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little ſooty, ſniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not ſufficient to be plagued with the Stupi-

dity

dity of your abſurd Maſter, but I muſt be peſter'd with your Impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!— Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worſhip every Day in the Year. — There's Maſter *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of Lives in Quarto, and has a Folio coming out in Numbers.

Cape. Hark y', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this Inſtant, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

Devil. I ſhall ſave you the Trouble — Give me the *French* Book that you took the Story from for the laſt Journal.

Cape. Take it— [*throws it at him.*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you—

Cape. You ſhall have a larger—[*Exit* Devil.] 'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are theſe the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expenſive—

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, Five-and-five-pence, which, with the Two-and-a-penny, Maſter paſs'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds* your Waſherwoman, makes the three half Crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the Table.

Devil Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you; by the Sheepiſhneſs of his Looks, and the Shabbineſs of his Dreſs, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet—Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-em*, the Gentleman's at Home.

[*Surveys the Figure, laughs and exit.*

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your Name I preſume is *Cape*.

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon; are you a Gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Caſe, in a Word, is this; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muſes, as you may ſee by their Livery.

Cape. They have not diſcarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Bookſellers, have.—I printed a Collection of Jeſts upon my own Account, and they have ever ſince refuſed to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their Graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Proſe; *Tully*'s Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verſe; two Eſſays on the *Britiſh* Herring Fiſhery, with a large Collection of Rebuſſes; which if you will diſpoſe of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, ſorry for your Diſtreſs, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuſe to engage in.

Poet. That's Pity; you have nothing in the compiling or Index Way, that you would entruſt to the Care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half Price.

Cape. I am concern'd it is not in my Power at preſent to be uſeful to you; but if this Trifle—

Poet. Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my—

Cape. By no Means.

Poet. An Eſſay, or an Ode?

Cape. Not a Line.

Poet. Your very obedient. [*Exit* Poet.

Cape. Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mecænas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*. My Protectors are *Titlepage*, the Publiſher; *Vamp*, the Bookſeller; and *Index*, the Printer. A moſt noble Triumvirate! and the Raſcals are as proſcriptive and arbitrary as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in Soliloquy, *George*? Reciting ſome of the Pleaſantries, I ſuppoſe, in your new Piece.

Cape. My Diſpoſition has, at preſent, very little of the *Vis comica*.

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Survey that Maſs of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhauſtible Mine!

Cape.

Cape. Ay, and deliver'd to me, too, with all the ſoft Civility of *Billingſgate*, by a Printer's Prime Miniſter, call'd a *Devil.*

Spri. I met the Imp upon the Stairs; but I thought theſe Midwives to the Muſes were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons.

Cape. Our Tyrants, *Tom.* Had I indeed a poſthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luſcious Copper-plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publiſh your own Works?

Cape. What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; our's is one great Myſtery, but the Explanation would be too tedious at preſent.

Spri Then why don't you divert your Attention to ſome other Object?

Cape. That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

Spri. How have you reſolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at preſent, two Strings to my Bow; if my Comedy ſucceeds, it will buy me a Commiſſion; if my Miſtreſs, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am ſettled for Life; but if both my Cords ſnap, adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Muſket.

Spri. Heroically determined! — But *a propos* —how proceeds your honourable Paſſion?

Cape. But ſlowly— I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a moſt potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Conſent eſſentially neceſſary — But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every Inſtant. He may, *George*, be uſeful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy be not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

Cape. His Siſter gave me a Sketch of him laſt Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Finiſhing.

Cape. Give me the Outlines.

Spri. He is a Compound of Contrarieties; Pride and Meanneſs; Folly and Archneſs: At the ſame Time

that he would take the wall of a Prince of the Blood, he would not ſcruple eating a fry'd Sauſage at the *Mews Gate*. There is a Minuteneſs, now and then, in his Deſcriptions; and ſome whimſical, unaccountable Turns in his Converſation, that are entertaining enough. But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boaſt of his Birth, compleat his Character.

Cape. But how will a Perſon of his Pride and Pedigree reliſh the Humility of this Apartment?

Spri. Oh, he's prepar'd—You are, *George*, tho' prodigiouſly learn'd and ingenious, an abſtracted Being, odd and whimſical; the Caſe with all you great Geniuſes: You love the ſnug, the Chimney-corner of Life; and retire to this obſcure Nook, merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

Cape. Your Servant—But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwallader?*

Spri. Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet; and modeſtly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himſelf to the Neglect of his Education —huſh! he's on the Stairs — on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Abſence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. *Vamp.* Your Commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a Word, Maſter *Cape*, for your private Ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this Gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way?

Cape. Univerſal.

Vamp. Bleſs me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good Subſcription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden*; an admirable Theologiſt! he ſtudied it in *Germany*; if you ſhould want ſuch a Thing now, as ten or a dozen manuſcript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can ſupply you.

Vamp. No!

Cape. Warranted Originals. *Vamp.*

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the Sermon Way now; I loſt Money by the laſt I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodiſt; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of *Latin* in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The Manuſcript Sermons you have wrote, and want to diſpoſe of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote!

Vamp. Ay, ay; Maſter *Cape* has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop ſo long at the *Turnſtile*, if he did not know how to be ſecret; why, in the Year Fifteen, when I was in the treaſonable Way, I never ſqueak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Conſumption, ſo it never came to a Trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp Never—look here [*Shews the Side of his Head.* crop'd cloſe!—bare as a Board!—and for nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very ſevere upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, ſo poſitive a Proof of your Secrecy that you may rely upon my Communication.

Vamp. You will be ſafe—but gadſo, we muſt mind Buſineſs, tho'; here, Maſter *Cape*, you muſt provide me with three taking Titles for theſe Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat *Latin* Motto for the largeſt—

Cape. They ſhall be done.

Vamp. Do ſo, do ſo. Books are like Women, Maſter *Cape*; to ſtrike, they muſt be well dreſs'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handſome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatiſe thro' three Editions — Did you know *Harry Handy?*

Spri. Not that I recollect

Vamp. He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they ſay; he would have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden*'s, or an Epiſtle of *Pope*'s, into Latin Verſe in a Twinkling;

a Twinkling; except *Peter Haſty* the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loſs to the Trade as any within my Memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Maſter *Cape*; I thought there was ſomething the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

Spri. Were you a great Loſer by his Death?

Vamp. I can't ſay;—as he had taken to another Courſe of Living, his Execution made a Noiſe: it ſold me ſeven Hundred of his Tranſlations, beſides his laſt dying Speech and Confeſſion; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends in his laſt Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

Cape. You have no farther Commands, Mr. *Vamp?*

Vamp. Not at preſent; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

Spri. Upon what Subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Maſter *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer-reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Briſtol*, and the other watering Places: No bad Commodity for the *Weſt-india* Trade neither; let 'em be Novels, Maſter *Cape*.

Cape. You ſhall be certainly ſupply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the Time—but you have overſtock'd the Market: *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a Paper. We had got a young *Cantab* for the Eſſays; a pretty Hiſtorian from *Aberdeen*; and an Attorney's Clerk for the true Intelligence; but I don't know how, it dropt for Want of a Politician.

Cape. If in that Capacity I can be of any—

Vamp. No, thank you, Maſter *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandſon of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-houſe; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan*'s for three Months to underſtand Trade and the Funds; and then I'll ſtart him—No, no, you have enough on your Hands; ſtick to your Buſineſs; and d'ye hear,

'ware

'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow! [*Exit.*

Spri. And I am ſure thou art a moſt extraordinary Fellow! — But pr'ythee, *George*, what could provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

Cape. You ſeem'd deſirous of being acquainted with our Buſineſs, and I knew old *Vamp* would let you more into the Secret in five Minutes than I could in as many Hours. [*Knocking below, loud.*

Spri Cape, to your Poſt; here they are e'faith, a Coach-ful! Let's ſee, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Sifter, as I live.

[Cadwallader *without.*]

Pray, by the Bye, han't you a Poet above?

[*without*] Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have ſuch an Averſion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in Extremities; in Garrets or Cellars—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader *and* Arabella.

Cad. Ah! *Sprightly!*

Spri. Huſh!

Cad. Hey, what's the Matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwiſting ſome knotty Point; totally abſorb'd!

Cad. Cadſo! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell*, there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as ingenious a — what's he about? — *Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tragedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Could not I take a Peep?

Spri. An Earthquake would not rouze him.

Cad. He ſeems in a damn'd Paſſion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas!* nor Prayers, nor Tears, nor ſupplicating Gods ſhall ſave thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the Devil? who?

Cape. —— *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.*

Cad. Damn your Palace! I wiſh I was well out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thouſand Pardons: Ladies, your moſt devoted. You will excuſe me, Sir: But being juſt on the Cataſtrophe of my Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have betray'd me into ſome Indecency.

Spri.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a Genius himſelf, not to allow for theſe intemperate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here, Mr. *What's-your name?*

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the Bye here, hey! You live deviliſh high; but perhaps you may chuſe that for Exerciſe, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he could as ſoon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and ſo was reſolv'd to make his Ward no wiſer than himſelf, I think.

Spri. O! fye, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourſelf Juſtice

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we muſt contradict you, we can't ſuffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader*'s literary Acquiſitions loudly talked of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey; tho' let me tell you, laſt Winter, before I had the Meaſles, I could have made as good a Speech upon any Subject in *Italian*, *French*, *German*—but I am all unhing'd; all—Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet—ah, but ſhe does not know what that is—a little fooliſh or ſo, but of a very good Family.—Here, *Becky*, Child, won't you aſk Mr. *Cape* to come and ſee you?

Mrs. *Cad.* As *Dicky* ſays, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at our Houſe, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a Regard for my own Happineſs, Ma'am, to miſs ſo certain an Opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hey! what?

Cape. My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I ſay, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions.

Mrs. *Cad.* What does he ſay, our *Bell?*

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater Pleaſure than in waiting on you.

Mrs. *Cad.* I'm ſure that's more his Goodneſs than my Deſert; but when you ben't better engag'd we ſhould be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Siſter *Bell*, and I, at Whiſk and Swabbers.

Cad.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells and ſee what ſhe has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*—ecod, do, and ſhe'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—isn't ſhe a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he ſays you are as fine a Woman as ever he.—Ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verſes on you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with her, talk any Nonſenſe to her, no Matter what; ſhe's a damn'd Fool, and won't know the Difference — there, go, *Beck* Well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords and Viſcounts and Earls that take a Dinner with you; now I ſhould look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you would invite me at the ſame Time, hey! will you?

Spri You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as ancient a Family as the beſt of them, and People of Faſhion ſhould know one another, you know.

Spri. By all Manner of Means.

Cad. Hey! ſhould not they ſo? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay, egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I ſhould take it as a Favour.

Spri You will do them Honour; they muſt all have heard of the Antiquity of your Houſe.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

Mrs. *Cad.* Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

Cad. In the Pantry! What the Devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs *Cad.* Lord! what ſignifies carrying ſuch a lumb'ring Thing about;

Cad. Signifies! you are a Fool, *Beck*; why ſuppoſe we ſhould have any Diſputes when we are abroad, about Precedence; how the Devil ſhall we be able to ſettle it? But you ſhall ſee it at Home. Oh, *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Diſpute to— [*They go apart.*

Arab. Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Uſe do you propoſe——

Cape.

Cape. The Pleaſure of a more frequent Admiſſion to you.

Arab. Is that all?

Cape. Who knows but a ſtrict Intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

Arab. A ſandy Foundation! Could he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obſcurity, or at leaſt Uncertainty, of your Birth, will prove an unſurmountable Bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are ſo—

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am

Cape. Conſider we have but an Inſtant. What Project? What Advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be aſham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profeſſion, you know; ſo that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

Cape. Is this a Seaſon to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr. *Cape.*

Arab. To be ſerious then; if you have any Point to gain with my Brother, your Application muſt be made to his better Part.

Cape. I underſtand you; plough with the Heifer.

Arab. A delicate Alluſion, on my Word; but take this Hint—Amongſt her Paſſions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her Foible?

Arab. One of them; againſt that Fort you muſt plant your Batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. *Cad.* I tell you, you are a nonſenſe Man, and I won't agree to any ſuch Thing: Why what ſignifies a Parliament Man? you make ſuch a Rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the Thing a little, my Dear.

Mrs. *Cad.* I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oafe? I won't reaſon, I hate reaſon, and ſo there's an End on't.

Cad. Why then you are obſtinate, ecod, perverſe, hey! But my Dear, now, *Becky*, that's a good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold—Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape.*

Mrs. *Cad.* Defer it to who you will, it will ſignify nothing.

Cape.

Cape. Bleſs me, what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you muſt have been to blame; no inconſiderate Matter could have ruffled the natural Softneſs of that tender and delicate Mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. *Cad.* Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to ſend our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

Cape. How old is Maſter, Ma'am?

Mrs. *Cad.* Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-Day.

Cape. The Intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold! but *Becky* miſtakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair

Mrs. *Cad.* You had better hold your Chattering, ſo you had.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, ſtop her Mouth, hold, hold; the Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever ſeen my *Dicky?*

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a ſenſible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Senſe already than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky*, is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a ſweet Child? Now, Mr. *Cape*, you muſt know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Uſe of a School is, hey! egad, for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be uſeful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not ſignify Twopence.

Cape. Not a Farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our Diſpute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a ſweet Boy, ſhall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius*'s at *Edgware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldeſt Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Doctor *Ticklepitcher*'s at *Barnet*, to form a Friendſhip with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

Cape. And for which does the Lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the Caſe; ſays I, *Becky*, my Dear; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genius*'s, but my Lord *Knap* may take ſuch a Fancy to him, that upon

upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey, *Cape?*

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher*'s, who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money when he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Maſter *Cape?*

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Aldermen too. you; ſo *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: — Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he ſhall ſtick to the *Stocks*.

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, let'n; I was ſure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, huſh, *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* ſhall ſtep and order the Cook to toſs up a little, nice — Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-e'ye-call-'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough— Your Servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in Diſhabille, to offer your Ladyſhip my Hand to your Coach.

Cad. Pſhaw; never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. Cad. *and* Arab.

Enter Governor *and* Robin.

Cape. Ah, Maſter *Robin!*

Rob. Why, you have a great Levee this Morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, *Robin*, there's no obſcuring extraordinary Talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

Cape. Any Friend of your's: But how can I be ſerviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately returned from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unſatisfied Mind of Man, no ſooner is one Object poſſeſſed, but another ſtarts up to— *Cape.*

Cape. A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter: I am a little buſy.

Rob. In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is deſirous of a little Honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your Pen may.

Cape. I don't underſtand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handſome complimentary Addreſs from his Colony, by way of praiſing the Prudence of his Adminiſtration, his Juſtice, Valour, Benevolence, and—

Cape. I am ſorry 'tis impoſſible for me to miſunderſtand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancel; otherwiſe, this would prove our laſt Interview.—Your Friend, Sir, has been a little miſtaken in recommending me as a Perſon fit for your Purpoſe. Letters have been always my Paſſion, and indeed are now my Profeſſion; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Proſtitute of Particulars: As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Reſentment, or private Pique, ſo it ſhall never ſacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impoſe Falſhood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let thoſe, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refuſal gives me more Pleaſure than any Honours your Papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this Buſineſs is diſpatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs—You dine at *Cadwallader*'s?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Would it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what Kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is ſo preſſing, I ſhall be at a Loſs to procure Performers. Let's ſee—*Robin* is a ſure Card—A Principal may eaſily be met with, but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourſelf, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more cloſely inſpecting the Conduct of your Son.

Gov.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill ſuit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Intereſt I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable ———

Spri. Innocent, upon my Credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Taſk—

Spri. Moſt happily fitted for it. I ſhould not have taken the Liberty—But huſh! He's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear Friend! the luckieſt Circumſtance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You ſee that Gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*.

Cad. Wowſky? Who the Devil is he?

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambaſſador from the Cham of the *Calmucks*.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highneſs has juſt ſent me an Invitation to dine with him; now every-body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord, has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra*; in their Language it is *Jablanouſky*.

Cad. Jablanouſky! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that Capacity, I ſhall be glad of the Honour.

Cad. Hey! Why, would you carry me to dine with his Royal Highneſs?

Spri. With Pleaſure.

Cad. My dear Friend, I ſhall take it as the greateſt Favour, the greateſt Obligation—I ſhall never be able to return to it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the Devil ſhall I get off with the Poet? You know I have aſk'd him to Dinner.

Spri. Oh, the Occaſion will be Apology ſufficient; beſides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

Cad.

Cad. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince—what the Devil is his Name?—

Spri. Potowowſky.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been ſo kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanouſky*, would you be ſo good to excuſe———

Cape. By all Means; not a Word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! ſtay, but is there any Ceremony to be uſed with his Highneſs?

Spri. You dine upon Carpets, croſs-legg'd!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, croſs-legg'd! Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you ſhall teach me.

Spri. And his Highneſs is particularly pleaſed with thoſe amongſt his Gueſts that do Honour to his Country Soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but ſhould not I dreſs?

Spri. No, there's no Occaſion for it.

Cad. Dear Friend, forgive me: nothing ſhould take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wiſky*. Well, I'll go and ſtudy to ſit croſs-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do ſo.

Cad. His Highneſs *Potowowſky!* This is the luckieſt Accident! [*Exit.*

Cape. Ha! ha! ha! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin*'s; dreſs up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous Habit; this Gentleman ſhall talk a little Gibberiſh with him. I'll compoſe a Soup of ſome nauſeous Ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuſe, Sir, the Part we have aſſigned?

Gov. As it ſeems to be but a harmleſs Piece of Mirth, I have no Objection.

Spri. Well then, let us us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly!*

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cape. Would it not be right to be a little ſpruce, a little ſmart upon this Occaſion?

Spri. No doubt; dreſs, dreſs, Man; no Time is to be loſt.

Cape.

Cape. Well, but *Jack*, I cannot ſay that at preſent I—

Spri. Pr'ythee explain. What would you ſay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot ſay, that I have any other Garments at Home.

Spri. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all? Here, here, take my—

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite aſhamed, and ſorry.

Spri. That's not ſo obliging, *George*; what, ſorry to give me the greateſt Pleaſure that—But I have no Time for Speeches; I muſt run to get ready my Soup. Come, Gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obſerve, Sir?

Geo. Moſt feelingly! But it will ſoon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; Times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor Proſpect, *Robin!* But this Scheme of Life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what Spirit, with the leaſt Spark of Generoſity, can ſupport a Life of eternal Obligation, and diſagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not conſulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents miſapply'd.

What Proſpect have thoſe Authors to be read,
Whoſe daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Young Cape *and Mrs.* Cadwallader *at Cards.*

Mrs. *Cad.* YOU want four, and I two, and my Deal: Now, Knave noddy—no, Hearts be Trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. *Cad.* Will you ſtock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hearts again—One, two, three; one, two—hang 'em, they won't ſlip, three. Diamonds—the two: Have you higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. *Cad.* Then there's higheſt — and loweſt, by Goſh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pſhaw, hang Cards! there are other Amuſements better ſuited to a *tête a tête*, than any the four Aces can afford us.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cad.* What Paſtimes be they?——We be'nt enough for Hunt the Whiſtle, nor Blindman's Buff: But I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin* the Butler. *Dicky* will be here an Bye.

Cape. Hold a Minute. I have a Game to propoſe, where the Preſence of a third Perſon, eſpecially Mr. *Cadwallader*'s, would totally ruin the Sport.

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you gueſs?

Mrs. *Cad.* Not I; Queſtions and Commands? may hap.

Cape. Not abſolutely that—ſome little Reſemblance; for I am to requeſt, and you are to command.

Mrs. *Cad.* Oh daiſy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born Days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. *Cad.* Love you! But is it in Jeſt or Earneſt?

Cape. That is as you pleaſe to determine.

Mrs *Cad.* But mayn't I aſk you Queſtions too?

Cape. Doubtleſs.

Mrs. *Cad.* Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my Soul.

Mrs. *Cad.* Upon your Sayſo.

Cape. Upon my Sayſo.

Mrs. *Cad.* I'm glad on't, with all my Heart. This is the rareſt Paſtime!

Cape. But you have not anſwer'd my Queſtion.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hey? that's true. Why I believe there's no Love loſt.

Cape. So; our Game will ſoon be over; I ſhall be up at a Deal. I wiſh I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Cad.* Well, now 'tis your Turn.

Cape. True; aye; but Zooks you are too haſty; the Pleaſure of this Play, like Hunting, does not conſiſt in immediately chopping the Prey.

Mrs. *Cad.* No! How then?

Cape. Why firſt I am to ſtart you, then run you a little in View, then loſe you, then unravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to eſcape me.

You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,
I purſue for many a Mile;
You grow tir'd at laſt, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cad.* Dear me, there's a Deal on't! I ſhall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. *Cad.* Well, come, begin and ſtart me, that I may come the ſooner to quatting — Huſh! here's Sifter; what the Deuce brought her? *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, Mr. *Poet.*

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your Mantuamaker, with your new Sack, Sifter.

Mrs. *Cad.* Is that all? She might have ſtay'd, I think.

Arab. What! You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am ſorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hey! Now will I be hang'd if ſhe ben't jealous of Mr. *Poet*; but I'll liſten, and ſee the End on't, I'm reſolved. [*Aſide and Exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

Cape. It was a very ſeaſonable one, I promiſe you; had you ſtay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Conſequence.

Arab. No Danger to your Perſon, I hope.

Cape. Some little Attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly reſiſted.

Cape. Why, conſider, my dear *Bell*, tho' your Sifter is a Fool, ſhe is a fine Woman, and Fleſh is frail.

Arab. Dear *Bell!* And Fleſh is frail! We are grown ſtrangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey; In what Corner ſits the Wind now?

Arab. Where it may poſſibly blow ſtrong enough to overſet your Hopes.

Cape. That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

Arab. Aſk your own guilty Conſcience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myſelf, this little Paſſion would be no bad Preſage.

Arab. You may prove a falſe Prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—But to deſcend to a little common Senſe; what Part of my Conduct—

Arab.

Arab. Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unneceſſary: I have been lucky enough to diſcover your Diſpoſition before it is too late; and ſo you know there's no Occaſion—but however, I'll not be any Impediment to you; my Sifter will be back immediately; I ſuppoſe my Preſence will only—But conſider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour—

Cape. Which is as ſafe from me as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Cloſet: But ſurely, Madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any Thing but obey your Directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a Suppoſition that—but no Matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you were wicked enough to proteſt——

Cape. That I loved you; and what Reaſon have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance.

Cape. An aſſumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

Mrs. *Cad.* What's that? [*Aſide, liſtening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my Conſtancy, you muſt have a better Opinion of my Underſtanding.

Mrs. *Cad.* Mighty well. [*Aſide.*

Cape. What an Idoet, a Driveler! no Conſideration upon Earth, but my paving the Way to the Poſſeſſion of you, could have prevail'd upon me to ſupport her Folly a Minute.

Enter Mrs. Cadwallader.

Mrs. *Cad.* Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not ſuch a Fool as you think for, Man; but here will be *Dicky* preſently, he ſhall hear of your Tricks, he ſhall: I'll let him know what a pretty Perſon he has got in his Houſe.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp?

Arab. And leave me to the Mercy of the Enemy: My Brother's Temper is ſo odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll ſee this.

Mrs. *Cad.* Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we ſhall hear what he'll ſay to you, Mad m.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly and Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his Royal Highneſs mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well bred Gentleman—but damn his Soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Meſs to be his Maſter's Prime Miniſter; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been ſitting theſe two Hours with my Legs under me till they are both as dead as a Herring.

Cape. Your Dinner diſpleas'd you?

Cad. Diſpleas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily oblig'd to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you ſhall never perſuade me to be a *Hobblinwiſky* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himſelf. Hey! and what a damn'd Language he has got! Whee, haw, haw! but you ſpeak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long reſident in the Country.

Cad. May be ſo, but he ſeems to ſpeak it better; you have a foreign Kind of an Accent, you don't ſound it through the Noſe ſo well as he. Hey! well, *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape?*

Mrs. *Cad.* Oh! here have been fine Doings ſince you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the Storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

Mrs. *Cad.* Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I think.

Cad. The Devil! hold.

Mrs. *Cad.* Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs. *Cad.* Why ſome on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell, but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido!*

Mrs. *Cad.* And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye ſee, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Abſence.

Cape. But, Sir—

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know ſhe is but a fooliſh Woman.

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, me, who am but a fooliſh Woman!

Cape. But hear me—

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky!* And for a Man of your Parts to attack—

Cape. There's no—

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is juſt as if the Grand Signor, at the Head of his Janiſaries, was to kick a Chimney-ſweeper.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hey! what's that you ſay, *Dicky!* what, be I like a Chimney-ſweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, Zounds! no, *Beck*; hey? no. That's only by Way of Simile, to let him ſee I underſtand your Tropes and Figures as well as himſelf, egad! and therefore—

Spri. Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is the firſt Poet I ever had in my Houſe, except the Belman for a Chriſtmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am reſolved he ſhall be the laſt.

Spri. I have but one Way to ſilence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I muſt tell you; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation; any Abuſe of your Goodneſs, any Breach of Hoſpitality here, he is anſwerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, ſo he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful Monſter! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment—

Mrs. *Cad.* As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roaſt Fowl and Sauſages, as ever came to a Table.

Cad. Huſh, *Beck*, huſh! —

Spri. And could you find no other Object, but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a Man, perhaps, poſſeſſed of a Genius ſuperior to your own———

Cad. If I had a Univerſity Education—

Spri. And of a Family as old as the Creation.

Cad. Older; *Beck*, fetch the Pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this Gentleman; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your Paſſport, your Security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myſelf, if I had not had the Meaſles laſt Winter; but ſtay till I get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's ſure of a Protection here, the Preſence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pſhaw! Pox! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No Excuſe? No Palliation?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation?

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, no Tribulation? It's a Shame, ſo it is.

Cape. When I have Leave to ſpeak—

Cad. Speak! what the Devil can you ſay?

Cape. Nay, Sir—

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And firſt to you, Mr. *Sprightly*, as you ſeem moſt intereſted; pray does this Charge correſpond with any other Action of my Life, ſince I have had the Honour to know you?

Spri. Indeed, I can't ſay that I recollect, but ſtill as the Scholiaſts ſay—*Nemo repente turpiſſimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to ſay, this is bad enough.

Mrs. *Cad* By Goſh! and ſo it is.

Cad. Ecod, and ſo it is: Speak a little more *Latin* to him; if I had been bred at the Univerſity, you ſhould have it both Sides of your Ears.

Cape. A little Patience, Gentlemen; now, Sir, to you; you were pleaſed yourſelf to drop a few Hints of your

your Lady's Weakneſs; might not ſhe take too ſeriouſly what was meant as a mere Matter of Merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry Excuſe; can any Woman be ſuch a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Deſign upon her Perſon?

Cad. Anſwer that, Mr. *Cape*, hey! anſwer that.

Cape. I can only anſwer for the Innocency of my own Intentions; may not your Lady, apprehenſive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of deſtroying the Connection?

Spri. Connection!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, Connection!

Spri. There's ſomething in that—

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr. *Cape*; hold, *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil could you be ſo wicked, hey! Child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedneſs to attempt to deſtroy the Connection?

Mrs. *Cad.* I don't know what you ſay.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an Incendiary, but you have miſs'd your Point; the Connection ſhall be only the ſtronger: My dear Friend, I beg ten thouſand Pardons, I was too haſty; but ecod, *Becky*'s to blame.

Cape. The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impreſſion.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd Creature!

Cape. But if you have the leaſt Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Sifter, I believe, will do me the Juſtice to own—

Mrs. *Cad.* Ay, aſk my Fellow, if I be a Thief.

Cad. What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. *Cad.* She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? Hey! how, what the Devil, ſhe did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. *Cad.* Why no, Fooliſh, but you are always running on with your Rigmonrowles, and won't ſtay to hear a Body's Story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come, let's have it.

Mrs. *Cad.* Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, firſt he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

Cad. A Hare! hold, ecod, that was whimſical; a Hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be becauſe he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Beck*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. *Cad.* No, I won't tell you no more, ſo I won't.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, *Beck*—

Mrs. *Cad.* Hold your Tongue then: And ſo there he was going on with his Nonſenſe, and ſo in come our *Bell*; and ſo—

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out you So's; it's a low—hold, hold, vulgar—but go on.

Mrs. *Cad.* Why how can I go on, when you ſtop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him, and methought ſhe looked very frumpiſh and jealous.

Cad. Well?

Mrs. *Cad.* And ſo I went out and liſten'd.

Cad. So, what you ſtaid and liſten'd?

Mrs. *Cad.* No; I tell you upon my ſtaying, ſhe went out; no—upon my going out, ſhe ſtaid

Cad. This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck.*

Mrs. *Cad.* And then at firſt ſhe ſcolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he ſaid as how ſhe adviſed him to it; and then ſhe ſaid no; and then he ſaid—

Cad. Hold, hold; we ſhall never underſtand all theſe He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be ſaved, thou art the worſt Teller of a Story—

Mrs *Cad.* Well, I have but a Word more; and then he ſaid as how I was a great Fool.

Cad. Not much miſtaken in that. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Cad.* And that he would not have ſtay'd with me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Poſſeſſion of ſhe.

Vad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. *Cad.* And ſo—that's all.

Cad. Make Love to her, in order to get Poſſeſſion of you?

Mrs. *Cad.* Love to me, in order to get ſhe.

Cad.

Cad. Hey! oh, now I begin to underſtand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell?* Hey! hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to ſmoke, hey! Mr. *Cape?*

Cape. How ſhall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a Reaſon.

Cad. Well, what ſay you, Mr. *Cape?* Let's have it, without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reſervation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell.*

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

Cape. With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Conſent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my Conſent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what! our *Bell?* To mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the Puddle of a Poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr.—

Cad. A ſcribling, hold, hold, hold—Garretteer? that has no more Clothes than Backs, no more Hats than Heads, and no Shoes to his Feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The Offspring of a Dunghill! born in a Cellar, hold, hold, and living in a Garret; a Fungus, a Muſhroom.

Cape. Sir, my Family—

Cad. Your Family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter*, fetch the Pedigree; I'll ſhew you — Your Family! a little obſcure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.

Enter Peter *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there; *Peter*, help me to ſtretch it out: There's ſeven Yards more of Lineals, beſides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office; d'ye ſee, Mr. *Sprightly?*

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad.

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambaſſadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I do no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* would a Serjeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing Deſcent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, louſy Son of a Shoemaker, to talk of Families—hold, hold, get out of my Houſe.

Rob. Now is your Time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to diſcloſe, that may make you alter your Intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: How, Mr. *Interpreter?*

Gov. You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and conſider him as my Son.

Cape. Your Son, Sir?

Gov. In a Moment, *George*, the Myſteries ſhall be explain'd.

Cad. Your Son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the Scribler, the Muſhroom you have deſcribed, but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me! A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

Gov. A Teacher of Languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monſieurs and Marquiſes!

Spri. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Noſe for Sixpence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen Pennyworth, and Change for Half a Crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Chriſtmas for the Diverſion of Children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

Spri.

Spri. Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing could excuſe your Behaviour to this Gentleman but your miſtaking his Perſon.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he the Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did you not tell—

Spri. That was a Miſtake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and, by a long Reſidence in the Monarch's Country, is perfect Maſter of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemiſh'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor to one of our moſt conſiderable Settlements.

Cad Governor! Hold, hold, and how come you Father to—hey!—

Gov. By marrying his Mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a ſolemn Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education, was no other than myſelf; I had my Reaſons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they ceaſe, and I am proud to own my Son

Cape. Sir, it is not for me [*kneeling*] but if Gratitude, Duty filial—

Gov. Riſe, my Boy; I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my Toil; the reſt of my Story ſhall be reſerved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good ſenſible old Fellow this; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr *Governor*, I aſk ten thouſand Pardons; but who the Devil could have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowſky*--

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your Power ſufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By beſtowing your Sifter, with, I flatter myſelf, no great Violence to her Inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell?* Hey! Hold, hold; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do; 'cod, he is a good, likely—hey! Will you?

Arab.

Arab. I ſhan't diſobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himſelf; — hey! Hold, hold; come here, then, give me your Hands both! [*joins their Hands.*] There, there, the Buſineſs is done: And now, Brother *Governor*—

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader.*

Cad. Hey, *Beck!* Here's ſomething new for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the *Governor* to-morrow.

Mrs. *Cad.* Hark'e, Mr. *Governor,* can you give me a Black-boy and a Monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you ſhall have a Black-boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck.*

Spri. Dear *George,* I am a little late in my Congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your diſintereſted Friendſhip, I ſhall be ſorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin,* my Cares are over, and my Wiſhes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by Affluence as he has been untempted by Diſtreſs, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY A LADY,

AND SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

[In *Dublin*, by Miſs GR. PHILIPPS.]

WELL — thank my Stars, that I have done my Taſk,
And now throw off this awkward, ideot Maſk.
Could we ſuppoſe this Circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe Pleaſures that improve the Mind,
Could from ſuch Vulgariſms feel Delight;
Or laugh at Characters, ſo unpolite?
Who come to Plays, to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Not to hear Things that ſhock, or give the Spleen;
Who ſhun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin.

" *Lord! do you know?*" ſays Lady *Bell*—" *I'm told*
" *That* Jacky Dapple *got ſo great a Cold*
" *Laſt* Tueſday *Night*—*There wa'n't a Creature there*;
" *Not a male Thing to hand one to one's Chair.*
" *Divine* Mingotti! *what a Swell has ſhe!*
" *O! ſuch a Suſtinuto upon B!*
" *Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in Voice ſhe'll go to C.*

" *Lord!*" ſays my Lady *Engliſh*—" *here's a Pother!*
" *Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another.*"

Her Ladyſhip, half-choak'd with London Air,
And brought to Town to ſee the Sights and—ſtare.

Fine

" *Fine Singing that!—I'm ſure it's more like ſcreaming*
" *To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of* Women!

" *Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!*
" *Does not this Creature come from* Pudding-lane?
" *Look, look, my Lord!—ſhe goggles!——ha, ha.*"——
" Pray be quiet;
" Dear Lady *Bell*, for Shame! You'll make a Riot."

" *Why will they mix with us to make this Rout?*
" *Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out.*"

" *We'll have a* Taſte-Act, *faith!*"—my Lord reply'd;
" *And ſhut out all that a'n't due-qualify'd.*"

Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball,
Struck by the Great, then anſwer'd by the Small;
While we, at Times, return it to you all.
A ſkilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

FINIS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA